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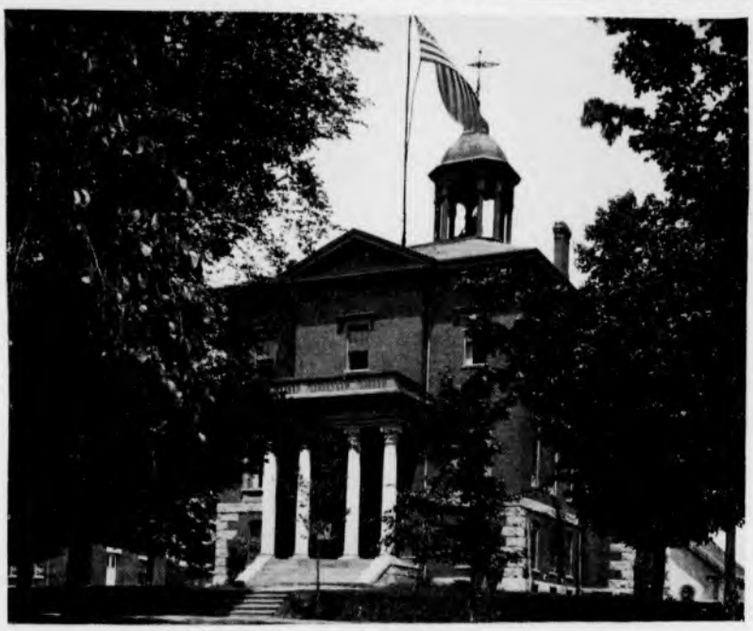

February

C. L. Jordan. '03

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CONTENTS.

LITERARY:

A Day in a Logging Camp 32
Children's Literature 36
The Minnesingers 38
Kate's Escapade 42

CARBONETTES:

A Picture 43
The Failure of a Reproduction 44
Uncle Homely 45

ALUMNI ROUND-TABLE:

Alumni Notes 46

AROUND THE EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIALS 47

LOCAL DEPARTMENT:

Professor Angell 48
Obituary—Mrs. Mary Brown Angell 50
Mrs. J. A. Howe 51
Glimpses of College Life 54

EXCHANGES 57

OUR BOOK-SHELF 59

Literary.

A DAY IN A LOGGING CAMP.

THE evening was clear and cold. The moon cast her light as one pleased with her surroundings. The stars were out in full force, glistening and sparkling, while the crisp, cool atmosphere filled the lungs with invigorating air. A sliding party of about twenty-five boys and girls, taking advantage of the good sledding, were enjoying the evening to its utmost, the time passing only too quickly. The attention of all was suddenly called to a bright illumination in the north. From east to west, from horizon to zenith, the heavens showed their wondrous glory. First could be seen showers of shooting sparks, resembling in their nature the explosion of fire-works, but surpassing them in their splendor. The showers spread in all directions, dodging here and there, intermingling with each other.

Following this could be seen what was seemingly innumerable shapes of things, animate and inanimate. The heavens were filled with their fleeting motions. The scene changes, the zenith assumed more of her natural appearance, covered with the glow of one of the finest aurora sights I have ever witnessed. The result was foretold: the morning, if fair, would see a most beautiful sunrise. I had made arrangements with one of my friends to start the next morning for one of the mountains about six miles distant, where extensive logging operations were carried on. As is natural among friends we agreed to stay together that night. The evening, already far gone, was prolonged until about midnight before we retired. Arising about two-thirty A.M., we quickly proceeded to get an old bachelor's breakfast. I suddenly remembered that I had failed to take my ulster, so going to my boarding place near at hand I awoke the inmates and secured the coat, although it is not known with what kindly feelings on the part of the occupants thus aroused. At about three-thirty we started on our sleds for the village a mile below.

Only those accustomed to mountain sliding can experience or feel the thrill of pleasure that accompanies one on a mile slide down a steep mountain road. Suffice to say that we covered the distance in three minutes. Leaving our sleds hidden beside the road we started on foot, expecting and later coming up with a logging team on its way to the camp.

The team by which we were to make the rest of our journey consisted of four large horses and a set of sleds that, with chains and other implements, would weigh very near thirty-five hundred pounds, almost a load in themselves. The road was hard and as smooth as a race course. This may sound strange to some who know that, as a general rule, logging roads are rough. This road, however, was an exception. For months a crew of men had been at work on its ten-mile course, leveling and cutting through hills, filling ravines, building bridges, and blasting rocks. Thousands of dollars had been expended for this one object. The least little rise had to be leveled, until there was hardly a perceptible swell on the return run. To add to this two men were employed all the time whose only business was to patrol the road and remove any and all obstacles that might impede the run of the sleds. A sprinkler was also run by night, so that the road was one perfect glare of ice, and whatever load the team could once start, they could carry the entire distance. We proceeded slowly, as logging teams are not supposed to hurry unless compelled to. A brighter, fairer morning could not have been found. The air was sharp, causing a slight tingling to the ears.

The quick, sharp grind of the snow could be distinctly heard. But in all it was an atmosphere conducive to good health. As we proceeded it gradually grew brighter, until, about seven A.M., the bright streaks in the east gave us warning that the sun was about to appear. The whole eastern horizon was one mass of brilliant, fiery glow, sending its rays in every direction.

Two stars that were belated in their disappearance added a charm to the eyes. Suddenly the glow became more intense, and soon Old Sol in all his glory came forth. The previous night had brought with it one of those heavy, white frosts characteristic of winter weather. This had been an unusually heavy one, almost an ice. The effects of the sun's appearance was magical. As its bright rays were cast upon the mountain sides above our heads, a thousand diamonds seemed to sparkle from every source, rare and valuable jewels of every description appeared to us; our eyes were dazzled by the almost supernatural beauty. To enhance this wonderful sight, and to increase, if possible, our admiration, a dense mist arose from the bed of the river in the valley below, and gradually obscuring and dimming the sun, a new phase was presented to our view. We were suddenly left in what might be termed twilight. In front of us was a partial darkness, aided and increased by the black outline of heavy woods.

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Flitting objects could be indistinctly seen. All about us was as quiet as the night; toward the east all the oriental splendor seemed called out. The sun just piercing the dense vapor, showed to us a rainbow in all its brightness. Each color could plainly be seen. Changing our point of view to one side of the mountain, we could see in the mirage rain descending. Such a combination held us spell-bound. We were impressed at once both by the sublimity of the scene, and the direct acknowledgment of the Divine Power, as we had seen it displayed. It was inspiring, refreshing, and in all a most vivid reminder of the all-powerful hand of God. Our way now lay among winding valleys. Mount Adams lay directly in front, while a little to the right and seemingly only a mile distant lay Mount Washington in all its glory. We could plainly see the snow flying in the air upon its summit. This is a peculiarity of the mountain, even in the quietest day of winter. There now came to our ears the calls of the men upon the mountains near at hand, the sharp, quick blows of the axe, as they rang out in the clear air. Soon, without any further warning, the camp, with all its out-houses, was directly in our path. We first made our way to the main building, or the camp proper. We had not proceeded far when we found ourselves in the midst of a drove of hogs, numbering about fifteen. These were kept to consume the waste from the camp. By day they roamed in the woods at will, returning at night to the barn-shed. The first building we came to was the blacksmith's shop, in which two men were busily at work.

Passing on we noticed on both sides of the path about fifty flour and pork barrels, a conclusive proof of the capability of man. We had now reached the camp. This was a low building about eighty feet long by forty wide, made of logs hewn on one side, tierced up and fastened by means of hardwood pins. The chinks between the logs were filled by bits of clay, while it was banked up on the outside as high as the eaves. As we opened the door of the camp, the first sight that met our eyes was a brand new wash-boiler filled with baked beans. Glancing about we espied another article of the same description, containing boiled potatoes. To the left were two men busily engaged in cooking, having no less than six large iron kettles, in which brown-bread was steaming. A little farther on was one-half barrel of biscuits, with about a barrel of doughnuts. We thought we had struck a restaurant such as you find on fair grounds, but we soon learned the difference

when we heard that ninety men here satisfied the inner man. With true Yankee hospitality, the cook invited us to lunch. Nothing loath, we seated ourselves at a long table, roughly made but strong, with a plank for a seat.

We had as utensils pewter plates and steel knives and forks. Separated from the kitchen by double boards were the sleeping apartments of the men. Here the bunks were arranged in rows and tiers, each one consisting of spruce boughs as a mattress, with one or two quilts. As rough and uncouth as it may seem, yet I have passed a sounder night's rest upon such boughs than upon a modern bed. The room was literally filled with boots, coats, stockings, and mittens. A large open fire-place stood in the middle of the room, making the apartment cosy and home-like. The barns, of which there were four, were very warm and comfortable, accommodating one hundred and fifty horses. Near by was what is called the landing or the place where the logs were left after being hauled from the mountains. Having seen the most important things about the camp we started on the logging road for the scene of the chief operations. We soon found ourselves climbing a steep mountain, such as common people would not consider possible of ascent. The horses ascended this by a circuitous path. After about fifteen minutes' travel we came to a little camp out of which smoke was coming. This we found to be the home of the snub-man, the duties of whom will be explained later. A half-hour's walk more, and we noticed upon our left a pile of brush seemingly thrown together in a careless manner, but in reality securely placed, and occupied by another snub-man. We at last came to the end of our journey, into the heart of the forest, where the choppers were at work. Their method of work necessarily was one of great toil. On account of the depth of snow a path, wide enough for a pair of horses, had to be shoveled to every tree, On the other hand, only by the great depth of the snow could they carry on the work on the steep mountain side. The tree being felled is trimmed the entire length to about six inches in diameter. This is then loaded upon sleds with others, the butt of the tree resting upon the bunk of the sled, with the rest dragging. The descent now began. The road from constant use was one glare of ice. The horses were pushed ofttimes upon the dead run. It was now that the snub-man was employed. The snub-rope was two and one-half inches in diameter, and the longest one five hundred feet. This was wound about some sound stump

or tree, several times, and often fastened in a jack. When the teams approached they halted upon the brow of the hill. The rope was fastened about the bunk of the sled and the butt of the logs, and then wound about the tree. Slowly the team started. It was now the snub-man had to use all his tact and strength.

He must control that rope by a lever so that it would allow the team to descend and still not push them. The strain upon the rope was such that it would have been burnt in two by one descent, provided water had not been poured upon it constantly. Upon the rope depends the safety of the team and driver. If this broke no human power could save them. At the landing the logs were loaded upon other teams. A fair load consisted of thirty trees. The largest load of the winter for a four-horse team, was fifty-two trees, scaling five thousand feet.

On every perceptible decline, hay was used as a bridle, being the best article found. At the end of the route the logs were rolled down a steep bank at Glen Station, preparatory to being loaded on the cars and transported to mill. Thus following the course of the logs, we arrived home about five P.M., feeling well paid for our day's work.

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE.

THE cultivation of that branch of literature known as "Children's Literature" is a distinct sign of the maturity of a race. It is only when a people is well along in years and has outgrown its early fancies that the need of this branch arises. In the freshness and vigor of a nation's youth, young and old delight in the same poems and tales and revel in the same bright dreams. But, as it creeps on to middle age, tales, and later, books for children alone are thought of.

The history of children's literature in the English language is a curious and an entertaining page. It begins far back in the dim days of the fifteenth century, with quantities of those quaint old lines, written originally in Latin, for the edification of boys and girls. Many of them are of this fashion:

> "Aryse betyme oute of thi bedde
> And blysse thi brest and thi forehede
> Keme thi hede and Aske god grace
> The to helpe in All thi werkes."

Most excellent advice, but how curious and stiff to us now!

Gradually a bit of a story crept in more and more, till at length the old beloved dragon and fairy tales were written out.

But we may suppose that the stern parents of those days desired something more substantial for their children. Soon arose those blunt, heavy tales with most excellent and obtrusive morals to incite to better behavior. They "took" immensely with the parents and with the children, too, for lack of anything better.

From these first rude attempts that school of children's literature known as the *didactic school* had its birth. How frightfully didactic it was! Such little prigs as, year after year, carried on stilted conversations on mature questions, repeated hymns and pious sayings, and, in short, did everything "goody-goody" one can dream of, with the most happy rewards. On the other hand, the bad little boys and girls always came to some bad end. Yes, indeed, there was a moral! Sir Walter Scott said, "The mischief of it is that the moral always consists in good conduct being rewarded with success."

Here is a bit of real life out of one of them. A model little Amelia of eight writes to a friend:

"I received your kind Invitation to what you are pleased to call a GAME OF ROMPS. I do not presume to say in what manner little misses should spend their time. But had you invited me to drink a serious cup of Tea I should have accepted the Offer which might have led to a Conversation to the Advantage of us both."

Maria Edgeworth in the early part of the nineteenth century is the light of this school. To do her justice she did much for the cause of children's books. She did the best she knew, but in a way that seems very tiresome and unnatural to-day.

It must not be supposed that this diet of heavy story-books was all the youthful mind had to feed on all these years. Hymn-books, text-books, spelling-books and other books of instruction for the youth, such as the "Peter Parley" tales appeared at intervals in England and America. No date can be fixed for the conclusion of this didactic school, but during the last third of the nineteenth century, the reaction came, gradually but surely.

School-books, nature-books, children's poems and stories were written with a truer appreciation of the rational, the sensible, the appropriate.

With many failings such as exaggeration, sensationalism, affectation, and weakness in one way or another, the advance has been steady down to our day when, every year, the press puts forth much that is admirable—beautifully adapted to eager young

minds, though much that is mere nonsense goes forth in the name of "children's literature."

To-day children may read from all the stores of the past as well as the riches of the present—mines of delight never dreamed of a century back.

But cautious elders may well now-a-days spend much thought on what books shall be chosen for the little people. The first books that a child reads *must be* the right kind of books. They give him his first thought impulses along new lines. They mold his early deeds and guide his later.

The ever-increasing, but often unnoticed, trait of American children must be guarded against in books above all. The tendency of the day urges children to early assume the airs of youth and robs childhood of its dues. Childhood has so many delightful interests in itself that it ought not to be allowed to taste of the unripe fruit of youth, even in imagination. When affectation is stimulated and self-consciousness encouraged the perfume is gone from the fresh, wild bud and in its place—a forced, hot-house bloom. A solemn duty rests on the parents and teachers. Boys can learn to be generous, honorable, manly, and pure. Girls can read how to be gentle, noble, sympathetic, and womanly; still keeping the gay plays, the bright visions and fancies of childhood till they unfold into the larger life of youth and maturity as gently, as naturally, as the bud into the full-blown flower.

—JULIA E. BABCOCK, 1902.

THE MINNESINGERS.

LITERATURE, as a whole, seems to depend upon the circumstances which go to make up the lives of men or of nations. For example, the buoyancy of life and general uplift of the Elizabethan Age produced the wonderful dramas of a Shakespeare; then, too, the harsh feelings toward the theater and the belief in performing the sterner duties of life influenced Milton in his writings, which are of a very different nature from those of Shakespeare.

But now we turn to the age of chivalry of the German nation in the reign of the house of Hohenstaufen. This period was much influenced by the Crusades, in which the hardy German from the North met the more cultured Frenchman and Italian in the journey to the East and learned from them much that affected his later writings.

With this epoch in literature, the German people are not very familiar, and it was not till the time of the poet Bodmer, in 1748, that the more modern times became acquainted with this body of literature.

The various historical events of the times furnished the Minnesingers with abundant material, and although most of them could neither read nor write, still the songs of over one hundred and sixty singers who lived from the twelfth to the thirteenth century have come down to us. These singers were mostly Knights, called Sirs, who went from castle to castle, singing their songs and thus earning their living. The people who heard the songs would commit them and thus transmit them from one generation to another. Most of the songs were made to suit the occasion, and if they were on subjects of love, the seasons, or the feelings, they were sung to the accompaniment of some musical instrument, as the lyre; but if the theme was of a didactic nature, the poem was spoken and was called a saying.

The Minnelays differed, perhaps, slightly from the Minnesongs, in that music was necessary to bring out the true beauty of the rhythm. Of these Lays it is said that "in a number of them, the last line recounts the breaking of the fiddle-bow or strings, whereby both the singing of the Lay and the dance which it generally excited, were put to an end."

Schiller ridiculed the works of the Minnesingers, comparing them to what the sparrows might write. "What a poverty of ideas in these Minnesingers! A garden, a tree, a hedge, a wood, and a sweetheart! quite right! somewhat such are the objects which have a place in the head of a sparrow."

Though this criticism in a measure is just, yet the Minnesingers employed quite a variety of subjects, such as "Love, the Beauties of Nature, the Joys of Spring and the Air of Summer, the Flowers upon the branches and the Song of the Birds, especially Lady Nightingale." Then there were deeper themes, such as the Virgin Mary, or the patriotic themes in honor of the Fatherland.

In respect to the structure of the poem, there was the greatest variety of form. Indeed, it was considered a point of honor for each poet to invent a stanza of his own. Kroeger in his work, "The Minnesingers of Germany," says, "The perfection in rhyme of Gottfried von Strassburg, Walther von der Vogelweide, and John Hadloub is not attained by Schiller or Goethe. Their invention of metres and their ear for the flow of rhythm finds a parallel

only in German musicians. Tennyson, Swinburne, and Shelley come nearest to them of modern poets."

At this point let us consider the life and works of one of the greatest of the Minnesingers, Walther von der Vogelweide. The circumstances relating to his birthplace and early life are vague and uncertain. However, it is probable that he belonged to a family of noble birth in the Tyrol, but on account of poverty he left home when quite young and went to Austria, where he learned the art of composing. His life was then spent in wandering about, singing his songs, and being especially under the patronage of his friends, King Phillip and Frederick II. He was ever a popular writer, an active citizen, a thorough student and teacher, and especially a lover of nature. He even left money to be spent in the purchase of grain, that every day the birds might be fed on his monument.

We find the strength of his character expressed in the following poem on Self-Control:

"Who slays the lion? Who slays the giant?
Who masters them all, however defiant?
He does it, who himself controlleth;
And every nerve of his body enrolleth,
Freed from passion, under strict subjection.
Mere borrowed manner and shame for a stranger
May glitter awhile; but here's the danger:
The glitter soon expires; then there's no action."

A kind of pathos is aroused by his words on revisiting the scenes of his early days:

"And when I muse on other days,
That passed me as the dashing oars
The surface of the ocean raise,
Ceaseless my heart its fate deplores."

A graceful little lyric is that entitled "Under the Linden." Someone has said, "it has the unaffected grace of a flower, the spontaneity of a bird's song." What more could be desired than this, a close touch with nature and a harmonious representation in form and language.

Another poet of high rank is Ulrich von Lichtenstein, of whom it is said that "so far as grace and exquisite finish is concerned, his poems are the best of all Minnelieder. German literary critics seem to have underrated his poetical ability from sheer scorn at the folly of his life." His Franendienst is but the outgrowth of the peculiarities of his life in a certain fantastic and ridiculous style. It is an autobiography interwoven with lyrics.

The lower type of these composers is seen in the character of Nithart, who was the leader in the downward tendency of the moral tone of the poems. "He was indeed the knight minstrel turned into the minstrel-vagabond and tavern-house loafer."

Never in the history of literature has the love for women been used so largely as the subject of so many poems. It is the one pervading theme and comes to its highest expression in the poems concerning the greatest of all women, the Virgin Mary.

Of all the poems composed on this subject, the finest of all is the "Great Hymn" by Gottfried von Strassburg.

The following selections show the greatness of his poetic genius:

"Who to God's love are strangers, they
With seeing eyes see not the day;
Of them we say
They're children of the earth still.
But who God's love in truth possess
Are named God's children, and men bless
Their names always,
And worship their great worth still."

. . . . . .

"Thou art beloved by earth and sea,
By fire, air, storm, and weather,
By heaven's appalling majesty,
And by the blushing flowers so wee:
Aye, love for Thee
Breathes the remotest ether."

These fragments of poems give but a faint idea of the wealth of beauty in imagery and expression to be found in the Minnesongs.

Beside the love songs we find metrical romances, as Hartman von der Ane's "Golden Legend of Poor Henry," Wolfram von Eshenbach's "Parcival," and Gottfried von Strassburg's "Tristan and Isolde."

The writings of these men were held in the greatest esteem by their contemporaries as well as by later people. This is shown by the fact that the famous poem, "Parcival," was one of the first books printed after the invention of printing.

In looking over the age of chivalry we notice the great number of lyrics, varying in form and style if not in breadth of subject. We admire the manner in which women are regarded, especially the honor accorded to the Virgin Mary, and feel that the respect given is sincere. And above all we applaud the genius of these unlettered men, who could with such harmony and grace sing from their hearts the thoughts which moved them.

KATE'S ESCAPADE.

IT was five o'clock at the close of a beautiful September day, and recreation hour in Madame Solange's fashionable boarding school. A dozen or more girls were in Kate Shelburne's room eating fudge and busily discussing school affairs.

"Girls," suddenly exclaimed Kate Shelburne—and whenever Kate spoke in that tone the girls knew that some fun was coming—"girls, we really must do something or else we shall become as stagnant as Madame Solange herself, for instance. I have the grandest idea. You know there is a band of gypsies camping over on the Point. What do you say to our rowing over there to-night after lights are out, and having our fortunes told?"

"Grand, grand," was echoed on every side. "But, girls," said gentle, timid Elsie Dinsmore, "would it be right? And you know Miss Jane would be almost sure to catch us."

"Bother Miss Jane!" said Kate, "we shall go disguised as ghosts, for you know she almost faints at the very word. There goes the supper gong. Remember twelve o'clock sharp in the west corridor by the long French window," was Kate's parting injunction.

Miss Jane had felt for some time that mischief was on foot, and as she sat at the table that night she seemed more grim and soldier-like than ever. But at last supper was over.

"Don't forget," whispered Kate to the girls as they were piling out of the room.

"No whispering, Miss Shelburne," rang out Miss Jane's harsh voice, and Kate, with a naughty grimace, disappeared down the corridor.

Just as the clock was striking twelve, a dozen ghostly figures might have been seen stealing down the corridor and out of the window.

"At last," said Kate. "Was there ever such fun; I have just been dying for something like this for weeks. Do you know I actually heard Miss Jane's door creaking as I came by, but I gave a ghostly groan and there was a bang, so we are safe. Now for the boats."

A half hour's steady rowing brought them to the point. The sound of the boats on the shore awoke a little Scotch terrier who greeted them with a series of yelps.

Soon an uncouth, evil-faced man appeared and demanded, in gruff tones, what they wanted. Then he took them into one of the tents and left them with an old wizard-like woman. She

took each of the girls aside in turn, and as they came back they looked decidedly frightened.

"Come, girls," said Kate, "we must be going, for it will soon be morning." But they were not to get away so easily, for the old wizard demanded their rings and other trinkets as tokens of remembrance. The poor frightened girls handed over all they had.

The wind had begun to blow, and rowing back was hard work. It was nearly four o'clock when they reached Madame's establishment again—a group of tired, shivering girls.

"Girls," and Kate's voice sounded tragic enough, "girls, that window is locked and the step-ladder is gone. What are we to do?"

Just then Elsie, who had climbed upon the window ledge, slipped. There was a shriek and a crash, and to add to the confusion, Miss Jane's voice was heard in its iciest tones requesting the young ladies to meet her in her study at 9 o'clock.

"O girls!" groaned Kate, "we are in for it now. Miss Jane is mad as a hornet and Madame's dignity will have received a great shock. Let us get to our rooms as soon as possible and prepare to be penitent."

At four o'clock that afternoon eleven sad and tearful girls might have been seen clustered about Kate Shelburne, who as a result of her conference with Miss Jane, was to take a vacation.

—'05.

A PICTURE.

If I were an artist I would paint the face of a young boy and call it my masterpiece. Why? Because I saw a face while rambling one day in the woodland that has haunted my imagina-

tion ever since. It was the face of a little French boy,—one among many children gathered in the grove back of Latin Hall.

It was in the time of golden and crimson leaves when the air was clear and bracing, but just touched with frost.

I would paint the forest with its gnarled tree-trunks standing out dark and shadowy from its background of splendid coloring. At the right the pines and dark, somber hemlocks with drooping branches, and, all around, a carpet of fallen leaves and yellow pine spills. And in this gay setting I would place the child like a jewel set in gold. His sturdy figure, with well-rounded limbs showing health and strength, would be a fit model for a sculptor's chisel; but no marble could portray the expression or coloring of the child's face. Around a smooth white brow, and shading deep, dark eyes, cluster locks of curling brown hair, just tipped with gold. His brown eyes have a deep, earnest expression as if the soul, looking through them, often saw beyond our physical range of vision and caught glimpses of the other world, and longed, with a passionate longing, to be back again in the Beautiful City. This expression of the eyes would be accented by the expression of the mouth, for my picture child has a mouth of such sweetness that the world seems never to have touched it with sin or trace of shame. Around it the shadows of manly dignity lie, and crimson though the lips are with the red blood of health, and perfect in shape, there is seen strength as yet untried, and character yet unformed.

This is the picture I would paint
In colors so rich and rare,
That the gleam of an autumn twilight
Would seem to fall everywhere.

THE FAILURE OF A REPRODUCTION.

"Bobbie, let's play I'm sister Edith and you are that horrid Jack Masher," suggested six-year-old Marjory.

"All right," agreed the small Robert; "you sit down on that divan. I'll propose to you just as Jack did to Edie, the night I was behind that screen."

Margie sat down as ordered, assuming a very dignified air. Bobbie carefully spread his grimy handkerchief on the floor, then kneeled upon it.

"My dear Miss Edith, I l-o-o-v-e you m-m-ost devoutly, don't-cher-know."

Margie could hardly keep her little face straight.

"Oh, Mr. Masher, you must get up immediately. You'll spoil those nice creases in your trousers."

"That wasn't what Edie said," corrected Bobby scornfully. "All she said was 'Oh, Mr. Masher!' We'll do it over now."

The two speeches were repeated to Bobbie's satisfaction.

"You doan l-o-v-e me, Edith. Do let our engagement be short," pleaded the lover.

"Five years," bluntly answered Marjory.

"Oh, you're no good. She didn't say that at all," cried the young man, jumping up.

Marjory, who had thought her answer very fitting, burst into a fit of sobs.

"If I'd be-en be-hind t-that screen as you were, I could have said it all right. I won't play any more. I'm going to find Edie and ask her what she said." —'05.

UNCLE HOMELY.

Uncle Homely lives in a small white house on a hill overlooking the village.

The very appearance of his neatly-cut lawn, carefully painted house and front-yard fences, show the character of the man.

The well-curb is painted white with a green border to harmonize with the white house and green blinds.

And thus it is about the whole farm. The very cattle seem to know their master's peculiarity, and step with a primness and precision that is almost ludicrous.

But the man himself, though the personification of neatness, impresses you with a feeling of rest and peacefulness,—as if you had wandered for a long time uneasily about, and at last, by chance, happened upon a quiet, sequestered spot where the songs of birds and the rippling notes of water were borne on balmy breezes.

Uncle Homely has white hair, which falls about his thin temples in many waves, but is brushed back from his broad, low forehead, leaving unshadowed the kindest old blue eyes in the world. Kindness and brotherly love have been his creed for so many years that, unconsciously on his part, he has grown to resemble, not the stern and solemn Puritan, but St. John, the disciple.

He loves neatness, not only because it is next to Godliness, but because of its beauty.

He sees in the face of nature God's face; and he loves nature the more.

To him the birds speak in accents unknown to others, and he loves them all.

He has grown old, and the sunshine of youth has passed away, but the glorious luna light, soft and mellow, has softened time's rough traces, and the world's petty strivings after vain ambitions have ceased to trouble his serenity of mind and his peaceful life.

And thus he sees the sunset's glow fade from the western sky of life, knowing that it will rise for him in all its glory, when he shall have passed through Heaven's gate.

Alumni Round-Table.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'67.—The *Webster Herald* lately published a biographical sketch of Mr. Frank E. Sleeper of Sabattus, Me.

'86.—H. S. Sleeper, M.D., has recently been appointed one of the attending physicians of the Central Maine General Hospital.

'95.—W. S. C. Russell has resigned his position as principal of the High School at Bennington, Vt., to accept a flattering offer with the L. E. Knott Apparatus Co. of 16 Ashburton Place, Boston. Mr. Russell is to design and test apparatus.

At the recent meeting of the Androscoggin Bar Association H. W. Oakes, '77, was elected secretary, F. A. Morey, '85, treasurer, and W. B. Skelton, '92, and Jesse M. Libby, '71, members of the executive committee. Among the attorneys admitted to this Association were Albert L. Kavanaugh, '96, John F. Slattery, '97, Allen L. Hubbard, '97, S. M. Farnham, Jr., '95, R. F. Springer, '95, and Albert T. L'Hereux, '99.

'96.—Hal R. Eaton, principal of the South Paris High School, was unable to attend to his duties for a part of last term on account of illness. He took up his work again this term, but was obliged to return to his home in Auburn. His place is filled at present by Harry M. Towne, '03.

'97.—Carl E. Milliken of Island Falls, Me., is mentioned as a probable candidate for the next legislature.

1900.—On January 31, 1901, occurred the death of Mrs. Emma A. Beal, mother of Miss Agnes E. Beal, at her home on High Street, Lewiston.

Around the Editors' Table.

WE are certainly behaving beautifully during chapel exercises. Why not carry our civilization one step further? To be brief and come to the point (this article has one), why not be orderly and quiet in the library?

As conditions now exist, the library is practically worthless, for it is impossible to read or study without interruption and disturbance. There is not a student in college but realizes this deplorable state of affairs, and yet the "I'll-stop-when-the-others-do" plea serves as an excuse for nearly all of us.

To say nothing of the injury to ourselves, this habit of talking in the library is a constant source of annoyance and displeasure to our librarian. Few of the students seem to appreciate their good fortune in having a librarian of so extensive culture and education as Miss Woodman possesses. No student ever went to her for assistance in any subject without receiving valuable references and suggestions.

Let us all "turn over a new leaf" and show our appreciation of Miss Woodman's work, of her sympathy and kindness, by respecting her desires. Instead of annoying her by our carelessness and thoughtlessness let us show our sympathy and desire to help in her time of sorrow and bereavement by uniting with her to make ours an ideal library, thus lightening her work and care as much as possible.

THE feeling of self-responsibility is something to be cultivated in the college student. This is obtained in a great measure by freedom from rules. When a student is governed by restrictions placed upon him by others, he feels that some one else is deciding what he shall do and what he shall not. All that is left for him, is to walk along the narrow path laid out according to others' ideas. He does not exercise his free choice, because he cannot. And when he is graduated from college he is not fitted to govern others, because he has not learned to govern himself.

Certain restrictions are necessary for some and must, therefore, be placed on all. But it is certainly desirable that in so far as possible the student shall be trained to depend on himself and his own decisions. He has reached an age when, if ever he will be, he is able to judge for himself. And it is certainly better for

him to look a question in the face, decide what is wrong, and instead of saying, "I will not do that, there is a rule against it," say "I will not do that because it is wrong."

WE are glad to learn that the Girls' Mandolin and Guitar Club is to renew its work this term with the addition of several members from the Freshman Class. The benefits of a successful continuance of this musical organization are two-fold. First, the members who take up this pleasant recreation with earnestness and enthusiasm gain much enjoyment from the practice which would in many cases be entirely neglected if the combined effort did not furnish an incentive. Second, the interest on the part of the members shows that the girls of Bates as well as her boys have an interest in the cultivation of that most elevating of the arts, music. We hope that the club will have the support of all the girls, and that it may develop and come to be an organization of worth and an honor to the college.

Local Department.

PROFESSOR ANGELL.

AN APPRECIATION BY PRESIDENT CHASE ON THE RETIREMENT OF THIS VETERAN PROFESSOR.

THROUGH the courtesy of President G. C. Chase of Bates College the *Lewiston Evening Journal* prints the following appreciative article: "The retirement of Professor Thomas L. Angell from service at Bates College, after a connection with that institution of thirty-three years, is an event of no slight interest to our community. The period of Professor Angell's service is nearly coeval with the life of the college. Bates was founded in 1863, but did not receive its charter till March, 1864. Professor Angell entered upon his work in the college in January, 1869. He brought to it the reputation of an experienced and successful teacher. Graduating from Brown in the Class of '62, he began his work as an educator the same year—four decades ago. During the four years immediately preceding his coming to Bates, he was the efficient principal of Lapham Institute at North Scituate, Rhode Island. His election to his college position was entirely unsolicited. Presumably attention was called to his merits as a teacher by Professor B. F. Hayes, who previous to his own connection with Bates had been for some time associated with Professor Angell in the instruction of the school at North Scituate.

After a short term of service at Bates, Professor Angell was

granted leave of absence for one year. He spent this time abroad, dividing it about equally between France and Germany, while he devoted himself to a study of the language and literature of those countries. On his return he became the professor of modern languages, succeeding Professor Hayes in the care of this department. Bates was then in her infancy, and her meagre resources did not permit her to make that desirable sub-division of work which has become possible during more recent years. Professor Angell shared with his associates the difficulties inevitable in pioneer work; and the list of studies taught by him at various times included mathematics and Latin as well as German and French. For many years also he had the care of work properly belonging to the department of rhetoric and English literature, and much of his time was devoted to the criticism and correction of themes and to the preparation of students for public declamations.

Never vigorous in health, his varied and exacting duties constantly taxed his strength to its utmost limit. Yet he carried to his work a cheerfulness, a quiet dignity and a self-possession that seldom gave any indication to his students of the discouragements that made every day a test of his determination and endurance. His relations with those under his instruction were remarkably harmonious, and the friendships formed between him and his students have been numerous and enduring. From not a few classes he received cherished tokens of their respect and regard.

The increase in the membership of the Faculty at length permitted Professor Angell to devote himself entirely to his own department, and during the last few years he had taught only German. These changes were warmly welcomed by him, since they permitted him to realize to a greater degree his ideals.

Professor Angell long ago formed the purpose of retiring from his college work on the attainment of a certain age. He had tendered his resignation to take effect at the last commencement. But as his wife's serious illness made it impossible for him to leave Lewiston, he was employed by the committee upon instruction to teach the classes in French during the first term of the present year. The death of his wife on the 23d of December last has deprived him of the sad privilege of personally ministering to her needs, and he now closes his connection with the college to seek the rest and change so imperative after years of confinement and solicitude.

Professor Angell has during his entire residence in Lewiston been warmly interested in the social life of the community, and with Mrs. Angell has done much to render it helpful and enjoyable. Naturally they made many friends, and their presence at the social gatherings of the two cities was a pleasure eagerly anticipated and often recalled. The illness of Mrs. Angell during the last few years and the necessary withdrawal of both herself and her husband from their former social activities have brought to many a sense of deprivation and loss almost

personal. Their devotion to the best interests of our community has been recognized by all, for they have been society people in no mere superficial sense of the words. Every movement for intellectual and moral improvement has found in them faithful and generous supporters.

Naturally the great change that has come to the home of Professor Angell brings a pause in his busy life and leaves him somewhat perplexed respecting his future. He will remain in Lewiston for the present. It is to be hoped that he will not change his place of residence. In the history of the college his name will stand on the roll of its pioneers and builders. Of the professors with whom he was associated when he came to Lewiston, only Dr. Stanton and Dr. Hayes still remain, the former in the college, the latter now in the Divinity School. During the thirty-three years of his active service the number of students has increased from about fifty to three hundred. The growth in material resources, in intellectual facilities, in prestige and influence, has been even more marked. Professor Angell has been happy in his associations both in the college and in the community. Whether he shall hereafter make his residence in Washington with his daughter, Mrs. C. H. Lincoln, or shall remain in Lewiston, he will have the best wishes and the affectionate regard not only of his associates in the college and his former students, but of hundreds of our citizens.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Mary Brown Angell.

NOT all of our college life is lived by the students and the Faculty. There is a power behind the throne, influences unseen and often overlooked. A teacher's home reaches to the class-room. A faithful wife, whose quiet influence gives atmosphere and tone to a professor's life and activities, helps to fix ideals, impart energy and shape character, quite as much as he who directly teaches.

Mrs. Emily Brown Angell, who came to Lewiston in 1868 with her husband, Professor Thomas L. Angell, was one of the many ladies whose lives have been going imperceptibly, yet none the less really, into all that constitutes Bates College to-day and has constituted her in the past. Mrs. Angell's death on December 23d last, after several years of sickness and suffering, through which, however, her strength for service to the home and to the college had scarcely diminished, permits us to pause and see her influence rightly.

Professor and Mrs. Angell were the first members of the Faculty, in addition to the President himself, to open their home to student receptions. For more than thirty years the Junior Class, on completing German, assembled in their hospitable home for purely social and friendly intercourse. Mrs. Angell was always genial and gracious. Her interests in the students antici-

pated her meeting them, for she took a lively interest in individuals through simply hearing their names and knowing that they were enrolled in her husband's classes; and that interest continued long after the students had graduated from college.

Mrs. Angell may be said to have always been connected with educational work. After her marriage, which followed closely the completion of her own studies, her husband was principal of the high school of their native village, Greenville, R. I. Then in 1864 they moved to Scituate, R. I., where Professor Angell was principal of Lapham Institute, a well-known and influential academy in that day; and in 1868 began the connection with Bates College, which, after a period of more than thirty-three years, has just terminated. Her married life and her association with educational institutions had reached almost forty years.

While not one who sought publicity of any kind, yet Mrs. Angell never shrank from action and service which promised aid or kindness to any needy person. In the early days of the Woman's Christian Association, and all through its history, her sympathies and her strength were freely given in soliciting funds, in conducting sales, in planning and carrying out methods, in teaching girls to sew and cook, in visiting the sick and suffering, and in every way that an earnest Christian woman can convey assistance to the unfortunate.

The Main Street Free Baptist Church was Mrs. Angell's church home. There she found joy in worship and joy in service. Her life was characterized by generous self-forgetfulness and ready willingness to render ministries to others. She served on many committees, she was active in all benevolent causes, she taught and was a pupil in the Sunday-school, she visited among the members of the church and others. And her life was ever a quiet, yet effective, exponent of the faith she held.

During her sickness, while a great sufferer, she never gave voice to her own sufferings and pain. Rather she was still thinking of others, and sedulously avoided causing anxiety or trouble for her. So her generous nature ever went forth, to shield others, to spare others, to minister to others.

Many students who have graduated from college will look back with pleasant memories upon their acquaintance with Mrs. Angell and her kindly attentions, which made their student days happier and more purposeful.

To go forth from this life with influences thus surviving is to have lived with great gain. —A. W. A.

Mrs. J. A. Howe of Lewiston.

MRS. J. A. HOWE, wife of Dean Howe of Cobb Divinity School, died at her home on Frye Street, Sunday evening, January 5th, at 7 o'clock. The tidings of her death, though not unexpected by those who have known of her long and serious illness, will carry sorrow to many; for she has been blessed with choice friendships.

Mrs. Howe was born in Minot, Me., but as her father, Jabez Woodman, Esq., removed with his family to Portland while she was a young girl, she obtained her education in the public schools of that city. Inheriting scholarly tastes and neglecting no opportunities for mental discipline, she had gained when her school life closed, a breadth and thoroughness of culture not often attained by a high school graduate. To these she added the development that comes through instructing others. She was for some years an assistant teacher in the Portland High School and afterward in the High School in Salem, Mass.

Mrs. Howe never ceased to be a student. She was literary in her tastes and was especially fond of the English Classics, with which she had a good degree of familiarity. She was an excellent Latin scholar and had studied Italian. She could converse readily and accurately in French and German. She had a genuine love and critical appreciation of art and music. Previous to her marriage she had spent three years in Europe and had made faithful use of the opportunities afforded by visits of several months each in the cities of Florence, Cassel, Geneva and Paris.

After her marriage her intellectual pursuits, while not abandoned, were subordinated to the interests of her home. Her unreserved devotion to the sacred trusts that she had accepted, her ready sympathy, her fine sense of duty, her minute personal attention to the affairs of her household, her uniform good taste, her unaffected courtesy to visitors and her sound practical wisdom, won the confidence of her family and gave her a secure place in their affections. When she was married to Professor Howe, Dr. Percy Howe and Mrs. Blanche (Howe) Jenney were small children. They found in her a true mother, and their relations with her were always most sympathetic.

In the summer of 1900 Mrs. Howe accompanied her husband, who after a service of nearly thirty years had been given leave of absence till the fall of 1901, on a voyage to Europe. They were abroad a year, spending five happy months in Rome, where Dean Howe enjoyed long-desired opportunities for study and research. In the spring of 1901, having visited various places of interest upon the Continent, they went to England. Here their carefully formed plans for travel and study were interrupted by the illness of Mrs. Howe. The services of the most eminent specialists brought her no relief, and in August, 1901, they returned to their home. Constant suffering and necessary seclusion from all save her physicians and her attendants, and her immediate family friends, have made the last few months a period of severe trial to Mrs. Howe. Life had never seemed to offer larger opportunities both for worthy enjoyment and for usefulness. But to this trial of her faith she responded from the first with patience, at length with resignation, and in the last few weeks of her illness with calm trust and steadfast hope.

While Mrs. Howe's absorbing interests were in her home, she enjoyed social life and took delight in ministering to the hap-

piness of all with whom she came into relations. She was an accomplished hostess, making her guests feel the warmth of her welcome and the pleasure derived from their presence. She shared to the full her husband's interest in the students of the Divinity School and his satisfaction in receiving them individually and collectively in his home. She was tenderly thoughtful of her friends when they were ill or in trouble. She was one of the best of neighbors, and she cherished with rare loyalty the memories and the associations of her earlier life. She belonged to but one club; but of that she was an active member, and the results of her conscientious preparation for any part assigned her gave great satisfaction to its members.

She had been for many years a member of the Board of Directors for the Young Women's Home in Lewiston, and had served for some time as one of the Library Committee. She took a deep interest in the Home, and her counsel was highly prized by her associates. Nor did she cease to think of it while abroad. She had made careful notes of the methods of a similar institution in Rome, with a view to their possible value in the work here. She joined the Congregational Church in her youth and her life was always consistently Christian. Though possessing unusual natural gifts, which she had faithfully improved, she never coveted publicity, but was self-distrustful and humble and accepted responsibility or position solely from a conviction of duty. Yet she had ample moral courage and a frank directness that disclosed the sincerity of her words and the strength of her convictions.

Beyond most persons she lived a life in harmony with her ideals. Her associations from her childhood onward seem to have been singularly happy. For many years she had the companionship of her three sisters. The four had to a marked degree kindred tastes and aims, and the tender intimacy of their childhood and youth was continued through their later lives. One of them, Mrs. Stanton, the wife of Professor Stanton, died in March, 1896. The other two, Miss Louise and Miss Caroline A. Woodman, survive to cherish the memories of the departed. Two of her brothers are living, Jabez C. Woodman, Esq., of Portland, and George W. Woodman of Melrose, Mass. Three of her nephews are graduates of Bates College. Upon the college community in which she had passed so many years a deep shadow has fallen; but in the influence of her gentle spirit and her womanly graces she still lives—a real, though an invisible presence.

—GEORGE C. CHASE.

GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

With apologies to Mr. Day!

Oh, this is the season of flunks, b'gosh,
The season of bluffs and crams;
And the profs—it's no wonder
They look black as thunder
When we fail to pass in our exams;
For there's basket-ball, skating, and parties galore,
Debates, declamations, and themes by the score,
A society meeting or "show" to be seen,
With a little hard (?) studying sandwiched between,
And never a cut to relieve the sad strain
That the poor college bluffer now feels on his brain.

Oh, this is the season of flunks, b'gosh,
The season of call-downs and crams.
They're thicker than spatter, but what does it matter,
If only we pass in exams?

'03 gladly welcomes Mr. Lothrop, who has been very ill.

The college Glee Club is rehearsing and are doing fine work.

Hunt, '03, has been elected base-ball manager for the ensuing year.

Miss Clark, '03, is ill with the measles. We extend sympathy—we've " 'ad 'em!' "

Towne, '03, is supplying for a few weeks as principal of the South Paris High School.

Miss Jordan, '03, is teaching in Madison High School. She is supplying for Miss Towne, '01.

Two very notable events for the first of February, the thunder storm and the appearance of the new STUDENT.

The Seniors are being overwhelmed with invitations to join teachers' agencies. If it were only schools instead!

A fencing class has been organized among the girls. It meets in the gym. on Monday evening, Wednesday afternoon, and Saturday forenoon.

In connection with the Sunday-school at the Main Street Church, Dr. Veditz is giving a series of talks on "The world's great religions compared with Christianity."

We are anxiously awaiting the appearance of Professors Bolster and Foster in their new spring hats with which—we are told—they have already provided themselves.

There is already extensive correspondence concerning the next entering class. Several states are included besides our own, and it is safe to predict an unusually large class.

Have you been skating? Many of the students have profited by the excellent skating on the river. Wouldn't it be fine if we could have a skating-rink of our own—down by the gym., say?

The Freshman girls have rather got the start of the others in basket-ball. They have already chosen their captain and manager for the class team: Miss Williams, captain, and Miss Perkins, manager.

On February 4th Dr. Chase gave a lecture in the History room on "Shakespeare's Henry IV." Although given especially for the benefit of the Freshmen, many others gladly availed themselves of the opportunity to attend.

The Seniors have chosen their editors for the class book as follows: Miss Tucker, Miss Wheeler, Lodge, McLean, Sawyer; also the committees of arrangements for the commencement concert: Felker, Hunnewell, and Miss Ames.

A lecture on "Mars" was given at Pine Street Congregational Church, February 19th, by Mr. Percival Lowell of Boston. Mr. Lowell is one of the leading astronomers of our time, and the students of any college or university would be glad to have the opportunity to hear him speak. The lecture was under the auspices of the college.

A Ladies' Mandolin-Guitar Club has been formed under the leadership of Miss Norton, '03. The following are the names of members: Mandolins, Misses Donham, Norton, Pingree, Putnam, '03, Miss Marie Bryant, '04, Misses Marion Ames, Bartlett, and Fenderson, '05; guitars, Miss Florence Ames, Miss Merrill, '02, Miss Smith, '03, and Miss Rae Bryant, '05.

Thursday, January 30th, was the day of prayer for colleges. Many of the students went home to remain till Monday. Those present at the exercises greatly enjoyed the exercises of the day. A union prayer-meeting was held in the Association room directly after chapel exercises, and again in the evening at 6.30. The address in the afternoon by Dr. Bridgman of Boston on "Depth" was particularly inspiring and helpful.

Mr. H. W. Berry of Boston, who has aided the college in many ways and given us most of our pianos, not long ago had a narrow escape from being assassinated in the doorway of his house. He received several hard blows from a hammer, but succeeded in wresting it away, and pursued his assailant for some distance, failing to catch him only through the negligence of the police. It is a good point for athletics that Mr. Berry, who is a small and elderly man, probably owes his life to the athletic exercise which he takes daily.

On Thursday, February 6th, immediately after chapel exercises, Professor Thomas L. Angell gave a parting address before the students. He spoke at some length of his early life and studies, of the condition of Bates College at the time of his coming here, and of its growth during the last thirty years. He mentioned the fact that during that time the number of professors had increased from five to thirty, the number of students from fifty-four to two hundred ninety-three, the number of volumes in the library from four thousand seven hundred to twenty-three thousand eight hundred twenty-three, making an increase of about six-fold in each case, while the number of college buildings has increased from three to eight. Professor Angell also reminded us of the high standing of Bates graduates in scholarship and morals. He said: "Life may be an absolute success to

every one of you. A man who is right with God is right with the universe, and a man who is wrong with God is wrong with the universe."

In concluding, he expressed the wish that each of the students should think of him not as a teacher—a pedagogue, but as a friend. He closed his remarks with those beautiful lines from Whittier's "The Eternal Goodness:"

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

The best years of Professor Angell's life have been spent in and for Bates College. Professor and Mrs. Angell have always been very active among the students and in the social life of the institution. Up to the present Senior Class, when Mrs. Angell's failing health would not admit of so much care and activity, they have given every year a reception to the Junior Class, and many have been the delightful evenings spent in their pleasant home.

In the class-room Professor Angell's work has been characterized by an insistence upon earnest, thorough work on the part of students, and an unfailing patience and kindness as teacher. In his life among us he has ever exerted a helpful, inspiring influence, and it is with a feeling of deepest regret that we realize the breaking of our relations as students and teachers.

We wish to extend to Professor Angell our sincere sympathy in the great sorrow that has recently come to him, and to express our appreciation and respect for her who has passed from our midst. Whatever other ties may be broken, the bonds of love and friendship will remain intact,—and the remembrance of his pure, unselfish life and example will ever live in the hearts of students and graduates.

We publish herewith the Bates and Bowdoin base-ball schedules for 1902. The Bowdoin schedule is printed on small sheets of aluminum with a calendar on the reverse side and is by far the neatest thing we have seen this year.

BATES COLLEGE BASE-BALL ASSOCIATION.

SCHEDULE OF GAMES, 1902.

April 19—Hebron Academy, Lewiston.
April 22—Harvard 'Varsity, Cambridge.
April 23—Holy Cross, Worcester.
April 24—Amherst Aggies, Amherst.
April 26—Bowdoin (Exhibition), Lewiston.
April 30—Bridgton Academy, Lewiston.
May 3—University of Maine, Lewiston.
May 8—Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont.
May 9—University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.
May 10—University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.
May 14—University of Maine, Orono.
May 17—Colby College, Lewiston.
May 24—Bowdoin, Lewiston.
May 27—Amherst Aggies, Lewiston.
May 30—Colby College (Exhibition), Lewiston.

June 3—Tufts, Lewiston.
June 13—Bowdoin, Brunswick.
June 14—Colby College, Waterville.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE BASE-BALL ASSOCIATION.

SCHEDULE OF GAMES, 1902.

April 19, Saturday—Colby at Brunswick. (Practice Game.)
April 26, Saturday—Bates at Lewiston. (Exhibition Game.)
April 29, Tuesday—Dartmouth at Hanover.
April 30, Wednesday—Dartmouth at Hanover.
May 7, Wednesday—University of Maine at Orono.
May 10, Saturday—Exeter at Exeter.
May 16, Friday—Massachusetts State College at Amherst.
May 17, Saturday—Amherst at Amherst.
May 21, Wednesday—University of Maine at Brunswick.
May 24, Saturday—Bates at Lewiston.
May 28, Wednesday—Colby at Brunswick.
May 31, Saturday—University of Maine at Bangor. (Exhibition Game.)
June 4, Wednesday—Brunswick at Brunswick.
June 7, Saturday—Harvard at Cambridge.
June 11, Wednesday—Colby at Waterville.
June 13, Friday, Ivy Day—Bates at Brunswick.

Exchanges.

THERE is nothing which presents greater danger to the college student than the tendency to let his life settle down into the rut of the ordinary college work; to let his interests center exclusively about his own college. Intercollegiate athletic contests are upheld by many, on the ground that by inter-communication, the interests and purposes of the different colleges are broadened, and their common achievements increased. Working in a more quiet way, but with the same aim, is this department of the college magazines. It is through the medium of the exchanges that we learn to know the deeper and nobler sides of our fellow-students' lives; that we feel ourselves mutually strengthened and our minds mutually broadened.

In the "Exchanges" of the January issue of *The Georgetown College Journal* we find a sentence used in regard to other publications which seems typical of their own: "It has a jolly, cheery tone about it that is indicative of an exuberance of spirits." This magazine is full of life and vigor; to these is added good hard work. The three make a strong combination. There is an abundance of poetry, and some good rousing stories. One feature especially should be noticed: the pen and ink drawings. The full-page sketch is one whose merit is seldom equaled in a college paper. The fearless criticisms in its "Exchanges" should help to raise the standard of college publications.

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And being there resigns himself for life
To rest upon the laurels of his name.

Nor yet the listless and the idle way
In lazy luxury the sluggard wends,
Who lives his time but in the present day,
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Who, working on the great mosaic of time,
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With perseverance placidly sublime.

—*Georgetown College Journal.*

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Where the fierce wolves nightly roam,
They have laid to rest in a grave unblest
The pride of some life and home.

Not a teardrop falls on that far-off sound,
Not a flower e'er decks its verge;
But the dismal owl and the gray wolf's howl
Make him a nightly dirge.

And the cold, cold snow in its saddening whirl
O'er his tomb a pall has cast,
And it hides from sight with its ghostly white
The place where he rests at last.

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New views of life, and teach us how to live." —*Crabbe.*

Hugo Munsterberg, Professor of Psychology at Harvard, in his volume *American Traits*[1] discusses the difference between Americans and Germans and points out how American culture may be benefited by an unprejudiced understanding of German ideals. While the greater part of the author's life has been spent in Germany, his seven years experience with the Harvard life of Boston together with his traveling over the country in search of characteristic phases of American civilization makes him competent to deal with the important features of the national life. He states that there is an unreasonable aversion existing between the Germans and Americans due to a misunderstanding on the part of each nation as to the other's true character and ideals. His topic is divided into four parts,—Education, Scholarship, Women, and American Democracy. He states that one means of reform in the American school would be the better instruction of the teachers. Self-dependence in knowledge is urged as an essential of true scholarship. The tendency of the American woman to avoid household duties is lamented as a great blemish on her character. With a discussion of American Democracy the author closes his book. The volume consists of a series of adverse criticisms, and if we do not realize that Professor Munsterberg's purpose is to treat only those American traits that need to be improved by a comparison with foreign ideals, we will conclude that he takes a one-sided and unfair position.

every one of you. A man who is right with God is right with the universe, and a man who is wrong with God is wrong with the universe."

In concluding, he expressed the wish that each of the students should think of him not as a teacher—a pedagogue, but as a friend. He closed his remarks with those beautiful lines from Whittier's "The Eternal Goodness:"

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

The best years of Professor Angell's life have been spent in and for Bates College. Professor and Mrs. Angell have always been very active among the students and in the social life of the institution. Up to the present Senior Class, when Mrs. Angell's failing health would not admit of so much care and activity, they have given every year a reception to the Junior Class, and many have been the delightful evenings spent in their pleasant home.

In the class-room Professor Angell's work has been characterized by an insistence upon earnest, thorough work on the part of students, and an unfailing patience and kindness as teacher. In his life among us he has ever exerted a helpful, inspiring influence, and it is with a feeling of deepest regret that we realize the breaking of our relations as students and teachers.

We wish to extend to Professor Angell our sincere sympathy in the great sorrow that has recently come to him, and to express our appreciation and respect for her who has passed from our midst. Whatever other ties may be broken, the bonds of love and friendship will remain intact,—and the remembrance of his pure, unselfish life and example will ever live in the hearts of students and graduates.

We publish herewith the Bates and Bowdoin base-ball schedules for 1902. The Bowdoin schedule is printed on small sheets of aluminum with a calendar on the reverse side and is by far the neatest thing we have seen this year.

BATES COLLEGE BASE-BALL ASSOCIATION.

SCHEDULE OF GAMES, 1902.

April 19—Hebron Academy, Lewiston.
April 22—Harvard 'Varsity, Cambridge.
April 23—Holy Cross, Worcester.
April 24—Amherst Aggies, Amherst.
April 26—Bowdoin (Exhibition), Lewiston.
April 30—Bridgton Academy, Lewiston.
May 3—University of Maine, Lewiston.
May 8—Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont.
May 9—University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.
May 10—University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.
May 14—University of Maine, Orono.
May 17—Colby College, Lewiston.
May 24—Bowdoin, Lewiston.
May 27—Amherst Aggies, Lewiston.
May 30—Colby College (Exhibition), Lewiston.

June 3—Tufts, Lewiston.
June 13—Bowdoin, Brunswick.
June 14—Colby College, Waterville.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE BASE-BALL ASSOCIATION.

SCHEDULE OF GAMES, 1902.

April 19, Saturday—Colby at Brunswick. (Practice Game.)
April 26, Saturday—Bates at Lewiston. (Exhibition Game.)
April 29, Tuesday—Dartmouth at Hanover.
April 30, Wednesday—Dartmouth at Hanover.
May 7, Wednesday—University of Maine at Orono.
May 10, Saturday—Exeter at Exeter.
May 16, Friday—Massachusetts State College at Amherst.
May 17, Saturday—Amherst at Amherst.
May 21, Wednesday—University of Maine at Brunswick.
May 24, Saturday—Bates at Lewiston.
May 28, Wednesday—Colby at Brunswick.
May 31, Saturday—University of Maine at Bangor. (Exhibition Game.)
June 4, Wednesday—Brunswick at Brunswick.
June 7, Saturday—Harvard at Cambridge.
June 11, Wednesday—Colby at Waterville.
June 13, Friday, Ivy Day—Bates at Brunswick.

Exchanges.

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A book of sound practical advice, the perusal of which will be a great help to any young man who is contemplating a college course is *The College Student and His Problems*[2] by James H. Canfield. The author urges that the only broad, strong foundation for a life of usefulness in any line of work is a well-chosen college course. Each person should choose his course according to his inclination and ability. A systematic arrangement of duties is insisted upon in order to fulfil the many and varied demands upon a college student's time. The relative importance of different tasks must be considered and the least important matters must be omitted. Care of the health by sufficient out-of-door exercise and a proper amount of sleep is regarded as of supreme importance in a successful college course. If possible, a student should determine what his work after graduation is to be and choose for his electives what will help him most in this work. Finally, every young man is urged not to settle down in his father's business or follow some occupation rendered attractive from an absence of required effort, but to branch out into a broad sphere of life, and above all, to retain his individuality.

Bird books are numerous, but we welcome another which comes from the pen of a real student of ornithology. When we read the stories of T. Gilbert Pearson we feel that we are reviewing the experiences of a true lover and accurate observer of birds. In Mr. Pearson's *Stories of Bird Life*[3] he does not bestow human attributes upon the subjects of his biographies, but he gives us an account of the birds just as he sees them. He is a sympathetic friend but not an idealist. The book consists of a series of biographies of different birds. A reader who has previously given little attention to the study of birds is filled with a desire to learn more of these interesting creatures. At the end of each chapter there are a few thought questions. The book is well illustrated and attractively printed and bound. Though it is especially designed for use in the schools as a supplementary reader, it makes a good book for general reading.

The Academic Algebra[4] by William J. Milne of the State Normal School, Albany, N. Y., is a thorough treatment of the science for the secondary schools. It is designed to meet the requirements of the most searching entrance examinations of any college in the United States. There is a full development of each subject, consisting of a statement of its principles, proofs of these principles, and carefully graded examples and problems for practice in applying the principles. Questions intended to lead the student to infer the truth presented precede the clear statement of the principle, then follows the full proof of the principle by deductive reasoning which may be omitted by the teacher in case of limited time without injuring the unity of the whole. The order of the subjects taken up is changed somewhat from that which is usually followed.

We copy the following from the *New York Sun*. A review of the book will appear next month.

"The reader may make up his mind to be pleasantly overwhelmed by the opulence and vivacity of "Around the Pan," published by the Nutshell Publishing Company, 1059 Third Avenue, New York.

"The wonders begin with the frontispiece picture of President McKinley, drawn in a single line beginning at a point on the cheek bone and going round and round in a constantly widening circle, with waverings and downbearings of the pen in the proper places to secure detachment and shading. We are told that this portrait "is considered the most unique work of its kind in the world," and if there are degrees of uniqueness we are willing to believe that this is most the thing of which there are no duplicates. Of course there is text in addition to the pictures, and we should be surprised indeed to hear from any purchaser the opinion that he had not got his money's worth ($2.00)."

[1]American Traits. Hugo Munsterberg. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York. Price, $1.60.

[2]The College Student and His Problems. James Hulme Canfield. The Macmillan Company. New York. Price, $1.00.

[3]Stories of Bird Life. T. Gilbert Pearson. B. F. Johnson Publishing Co. Richmond, Va. Price, 60 cents.

[4]Academic Algebra. William J. Milne. American Book Company. New York.

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LEWISTON, ME.

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PRESIDENT,
Professor of Psychology and Logic.

JONATHAN Y. STANTON, LITT.D.,
Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.

JOHN H. RAND, A.M.,
Professor of Mathematics.

LYMAN G. JORDAN, PH.D.,
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WILLIAM H. HARTSHORN, A.M.,
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

A. N. LEONARD, PH.D.,
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ARTHUR C. CLARK, B.S.,
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GROSVENOR M. ROBINSON,
Instructor in Elocution.

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Registrar and Instructor in French.

RALPH H. TUKEY, A.M.,
Instructor in Latin.

WILLIAM T. FOSTER, A.B.,
Instructor in English.

FRANK H. CHASE, PH.D.,
Instructor in English Literature.

WILLIAM K. HOLMES, A.B.,
Assistant in Chemical Laboratory.

JOSEPHINE B. NEAL, A.B.,
Assistant in Physical Laboratory.

CAROLINE A. WOODMAN, B.S., A.M.,
Librarian.

WM. W. BOLSTER, JR., A.B.,
Director in Gymnasium.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:

LATIN: In six books of Virgil's Æneid; four books of Cæsar; six orations of Cicero; thirty exercises in Jones's Latin Composition; Latin Grammar (Harkness or Allen & Greenough). GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's Anabasis; two books of Homer's Iliad; twenty exercises in Jones's Greek Composition; Goodwin's or Hadley's Greek Grammar. MATHEMATICS: In Arithmetic, in Wentworth's Elements of Algebra, and Plane Geometry or equivalents. ENGLISH: In Ancient Geography, Ancient History, English Composition, and in English Literature the works set for examination for entrance to the New England Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Wednesday preceding Commencement, and on Monday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

Candidates for the degree of B.S. may present instead of Greek an equivalent in Science and Modern Languages as described in the Catalogue.

Students admitted without Greek may enter upon courses leading to the degree of A.B. by beginning the study of Greek and taking two years of prescribed work in that language.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses for board, tuition, room rent, and incidentals are $200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income o thirty-seven scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expense otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THE BATES STUDENT

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Address all literary communications to the Editor-in-Chief; all business communications to

THE BATES STUDENT, Lewiston, Maine.

But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood—
List—List, O List.